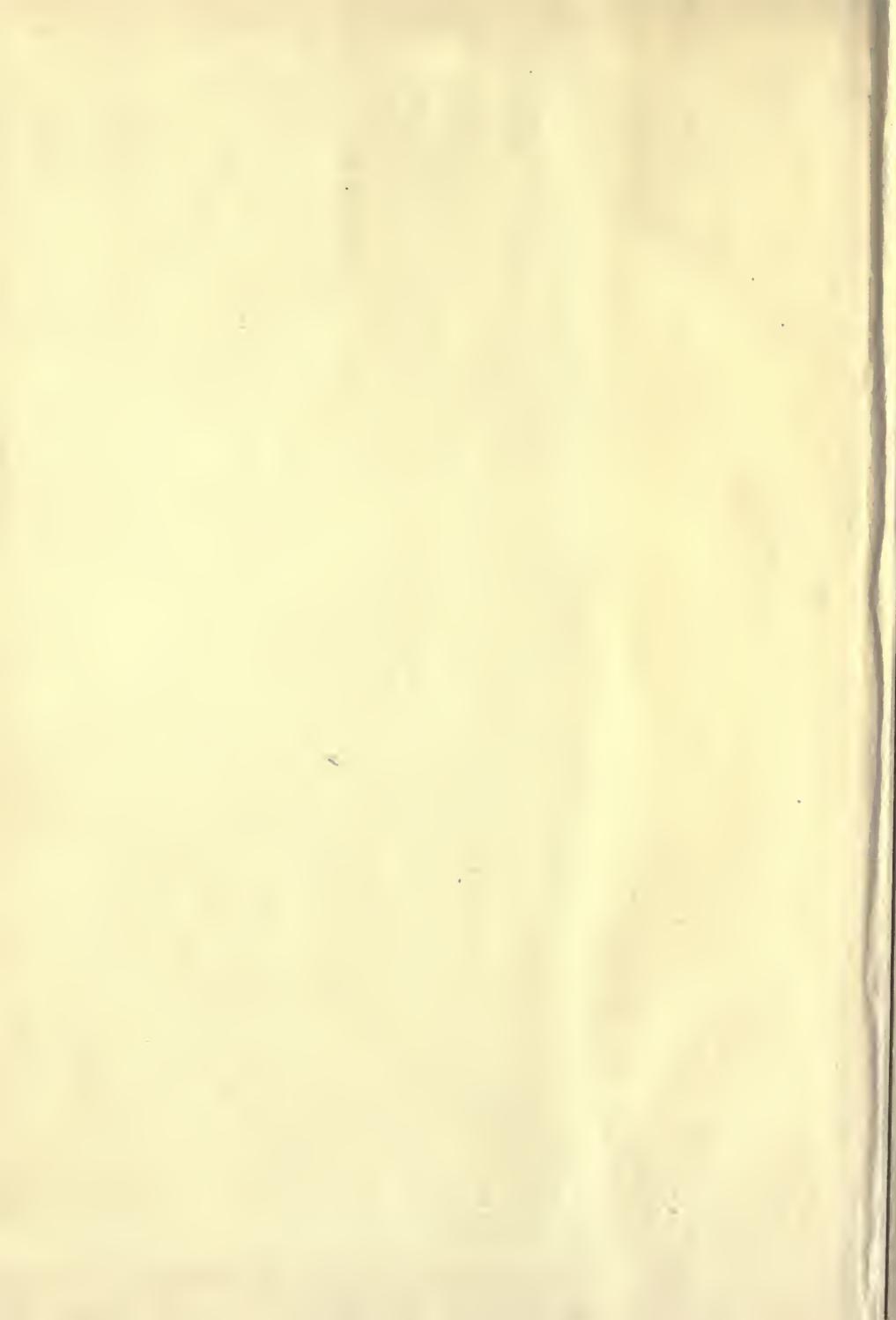
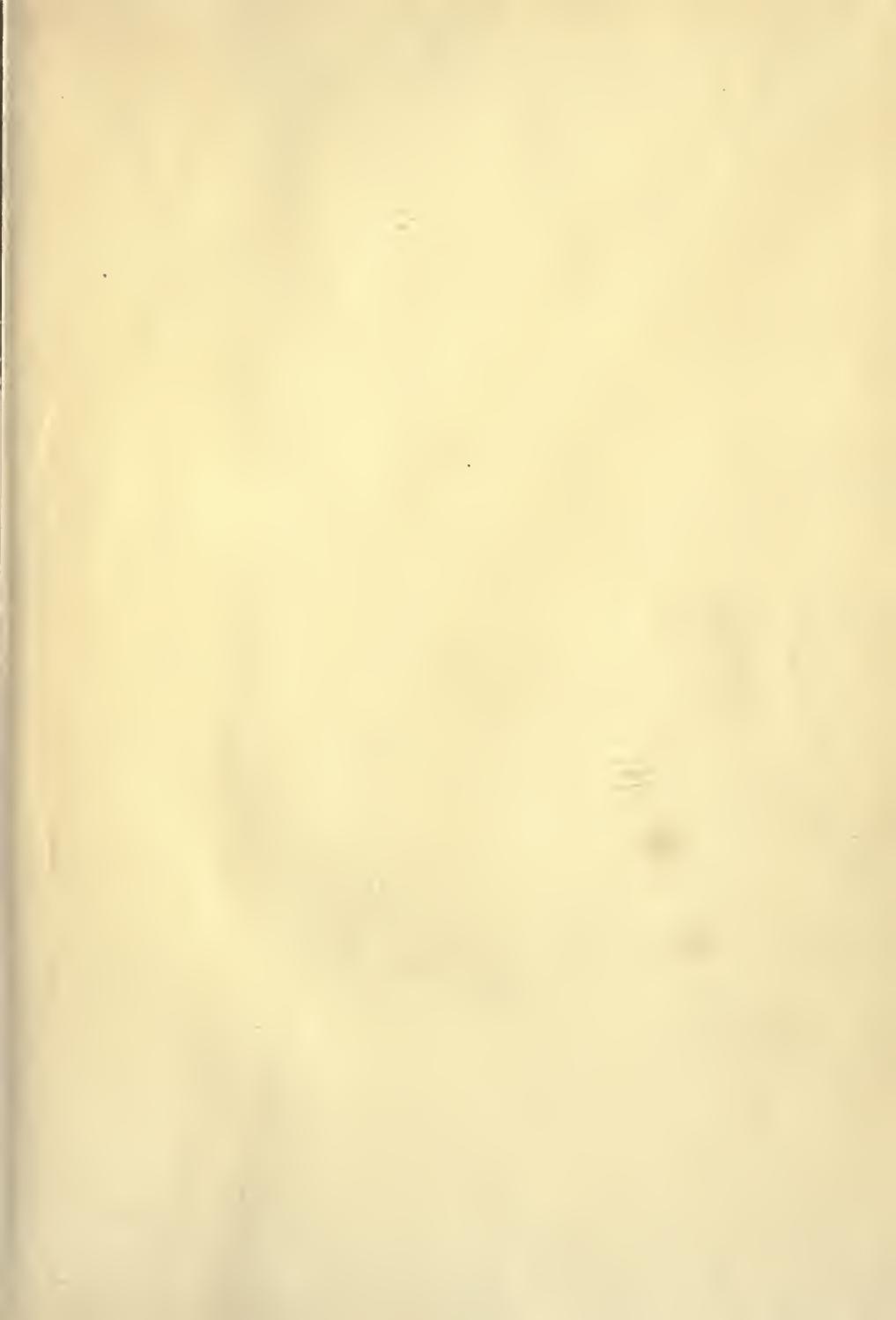


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II

A

ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS.
From a hitherto-unknown Edition. 1599.—
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by
SHAKESPEARE. 1599.—EPIGRAMMES, by
SIR JOHN DAVIES; and OVID'S ELEGIES,
by MARLOWE.

No. 2.

NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCH-
YARDE....Written in English Satyrs. By
E. HAKE. 1579.

No. 3.

BRETON (NICHOLAS). NO WHIPPINGE,
NOR TRIPPINGE: BUT A KINDE
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE. 1601.

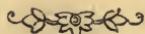
No. 4.

SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A FOVRE-
FOVLD MEDITATION OF THE
FOURE LAST THINGS. 1606.



THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 4.



A FOVRE-FOVLD MEDITATION.

BY R. S.

1606.

A Fobre-Fobld Meditation,

Of the fourre last things :

viz.

1.	of the	Hour of Death.
2.		Day of Judgement.
3.		Paines of Hell.
4.		Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the estate of the Eleet and Reprobate :

COMPOSED IN A DIUINE POEME

BY R. S.

The author of S. Peters complaint.

[ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.]

Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton.

1606.

WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

BY CHARLES EDMONDS;

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE;" "BASILICON DORON OF K. JAMES I.;"
"HAKES NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE;"
"THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN, BY THE RT. HON. G. CANNING, THE
RT. HON. J. HOOKHAM FRERE, G. ELLIS, W. GIFFORD, ETC.;"
"THE PYTCHELEY HUNT, PAST AND PRESENT, BY H. O. NETHERCOTE."



PUBLISHED BY

ELKIN MATHEWS,

VIGO STREET, LONDON.

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1895

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY THE DISCOVERER AND EDITOR.

AS the merits of Southwell, both as a Poet and a Martyr, have been continually eulogized by Catholics and Protestants alike, it is unnecessary to dilate upon them here. My intention is, therefore, to address myself only to the discovery and subsequent adventures of the interesting *Tra&ctate*, now for the first time submitted to the notice of the public.

It was one amongst many of the valuable works of Old English Poetry and Prose of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages which I discovered at Lamport Hall in September, 1867, and the circumstances under which it was brought to light, and its author's identity proved, are so uncommon that they might form a chapter in a Romance of Bibliography. The facts are these :

After the issue of Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Isham Reprints," which were the hitherto-unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" of 1599, and Hake's rare "Newes out of Powles Churchyard" of 1579, the next volume of which I recommended the publication was "A Foure-fould Meditation of the Foure Last Thinges; composed in a Divine Poeme. By R. S., the author of S. Peters Complaint," London, 1606, *if* the missing portion of the

poem could be found, for I had only a flight fragment containing the first eight leaves alone ; but these were precious, as in addition to the first 35 stanzas, they gave, not only a Dedication by W. H.¹ (himself a literary discoverer) in these striking words : “ Long haue they lien hidden in obscurtie, and happily [haplie] had neuer seene the light, had not a meere accident conuayed them to my hands,” etc. ; but also, most fortunately, the Title-page, for it revealed the name of the illustrious author.

I therefore sent a communication at the end of October, 1873 (inserted November 1), to the “Athenæum,” which, from its high character and world-wide circulation, was most likely to effect my object. Nor was I disappointed, for a few days after I received the following note :

“ St. Mary’s College,
“ Oscott, Birmingham.
“ Nov. 8, 1873.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Would you kindly tell me whether the fragment of the poem of Southwell which you have discovered begins thus :

‘ O wretched man which lovest earthlie thinges
And to this worlde haft made thyselfe a thrall.’

“ This is the first stanza of a poem which we have here at the Coll. in MS., and if I can identify it as

¹ I have always presumed this “W. H.” to be the same “W. H.” who gave Shakespeare’s Sonnets to the world three years after the present work was issued from the press of the same printer, George Eld.

Southwell's I should think it worth while, with the President's permission, to have it printed. In any case, as a Catholic, I should wish to thank you for bringing to light something illustrative of the life and works of F. Robert Southwell, and therefore of such interest to English literature. Believe me, Dear Sir, yours very truly, S. SOLE.

“Charles Edmonds, Esq.”

A few days later I received the following letter from the President, who, after expressing his regret at not being able to see me when I called owing to press of business, continues thus: “Mr. Sole has explained to me your wish to publish the whole of this poem of Southwell's; and as you have been the means of identifying the poem as his, I think it is only fair that you should receive every help we can give you in carrying out your desire. I therefore will send you the MS. tomorrow, trusting with confidence to your taking all possible care of it, and returning it to us as soon as you have transcribed this poem. Yours truly, J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE.”

This was the title under which the “Fourefould Meditation” was concealed; probably for sufficient prudential reasons: “Sartaine moste holsome & necessarie considerations, or meditations verye meete and convenient (for all degrees) and att all tymes to be duelye considered of and had in Remembrance To withdrawe our affections from this vaine & wicked worlde, to the desire of Heaven and heavenlye thinges. Reade with good advisement.”

b

The volume consists of 180 leaves, and at the beginning of the *MS.* is this: “The Epistel Dedicatore. To the right worshipfull Mr. Thomas Knevett Esquire, Peter Mowle wisheth the perpetuytie of true felysifie, the health of bodie and soule with continewance of worshipp in this worlde, And after Death the participation of Heavenlie happines dewringe all worldes for ever.” Among other pieces in the volume are :

“A brief Catachism of Christian Doctrine, compyled by Lawrence Vaux, Bachelor of Divinitie, 1583.” 41 leaves.

[Of the family of Baron Vaux of Harrowden, which title, created in 1524, is now extin&t, but revived in the person of Lord Chancellor Brougham in 1830, whose ancestor married Jane Vaux.]

Peter Mowle his Loking Glasse.

Certaine of Alabasters his Meditations. Anno 1597. 13 stanzas of 14 lines each.

Desiderius, or the readie way to the Love of God. Written in Dialogue wise, under learned and pleasaunt Allegories. First put forth in the Spanishe tonge and after translated into Latin : and now lately into Englishe for the behoofe of the devout of our nation by I. G. Prisoner. *In prose:* 28 closely-written leaves.

[The famous FATHER JOHN GERARD, author of “The Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, who fled with Southwell when pursued by four Priest-hunters or pursuivants.]

Sartaine Godlye and devout Verescs of the passion of our Lord and Savyor Jesu Christ, the Lamentation of our blessed Ladie (in Latin *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, &c.) the fiftene misteries of the Rosarie of our Ladie in verse, with dyverse other godly prayers and devote matters sett forth by S. W. and dedycated to the vertuous Ladie Pawlett.

The Discourse of the Martirdome of Mrs. Margarett Clytherowe ; A.D. 1586.

Verses given for a New Yeares Gift in Anno 1592 to the Ladie Viscountis Hereford of Parham.

Verses of the Earthquake which happened on the 24th daie
of December 1601.

The Anatomie of Pride made by mee P.M. 1602.

A devout and godly prayer made by the most excellent and
godlye Queene, Queene Marye.

Verses to The Worshipfull my good mfs. Mistres Elenor
Woodhowse of Caftor. Anno 1606.

At end : "Peter Mowld, Junior, oweth this Booke. Witt-
nesse Edmond Mould. 1605." While the witnesse calls
himself Mould, the owner uses indifferently the names Mowld
and Mowlde. He describes himself as of Attelbroughe, and
of his being in 1589 in his 35th year.

The dated pieces range from 1590 to 1606.

The *Oscott MS.* is not followed in the present
reprint for the following reasons: it contains only
118 stanzas, while that in the *Rawlinson* collection
in the Bodleian contains 126; the additional ones
being Nos. 42 and 63 to 69. Not only is the
order of stanzas 13 and 14 different, but they vary
in the commencement of the former. And the
printed fragment shows that the reading there given
must have preceded that of the *Rawlinson MS.*
The latter is therefore used; but it contains no
title-page, and is ascribed erroneously to Lord
Philip Arundel.

I find that Southwell has *Poems* in "Briefe Medi-
tations in the most Holy Sacrament," by L. PINELLI,
of the Society of Jesus; also "Hymes [sic] gathered
out of S. Thomas de Aquino, translated by the
Rev. Fa: R. S." 8vo., s. l. et a.

On Tuesday, March 26th, the following in-
teresting MS. was sold at Sotheby's. Lot 1050,
Bibliotheca Phillipica. This MS. formerly be-

longed to the famous hagiographer, Alban Butler, whose autograph appears upon the first page.

“ 1050 Southwell or Sotwell. *Meditationes Roberti Sotuelli Martyris de Attributis Divinis ad amorem Dei excitantes—Exercitia et Devotiones ejusdem*, in the original vellum binding. 8vo.”

C. E.

A
FOVREFOVL
Meditation,

*Of the fourre last things :
viz.*

1. } Hour of Death.
2. } of the Day of Judgement.
3. } Paines of Hell.
4. } Ioyes of Heauen.

Shewing the estate of the Elect and Reprobate.

Composed in a Diuine Poeme

By R: S.
The author of S. Peters complaint.



Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton.
1606.

To the Right Worshipfull and
Vertuous Gentleman, Mathew

Saunders, Esquire.

W.H. wisheth, with long life, a prosperous
achieuement of his good desires.



*Ir ; as I with great desire apprehended
the least opportunity of manifesting
towards your worthy selfe my sincere
affection, so shold I be very sory to pre-
sent any thing unto you, wherein I
should growe - offensue, or willingly
breed your least molestacion : but these meditations, being
Diuine and Religious (& upon mine owne knowledge, cor-
respondent to your zealous inclination) emboldened me to
recommend them to your view and censure, and therein
to make knowne mine owne entire affection, and seruice-
able loue towards you. Long haue they lien hidden in ob-
scuritie, and happily had neuer seene the light, had not a
meere accident conuayed them to my hands. But, hauing
seriously perused them, loath I was that any who are reli-
giouly affected, shold be deprived of so great a comfort, as
the due consideration thereof may bring unto them. As for
my selfe, Sir, the knowledge you haue of me, I hope will ex-
cuse the coldnesse and sterilitie of my conceipts, who couet
to illustrate my intire affectiō unto your worship, by reall
and approued actiōns, referring my selfe wholly in this, &
all other my indeuours, to your fauourable construction,
who shall euer be of power, in the humbleſt
ſeruices to command me.*

Your Worships vnfained affectionate
W. H.



A Treatise of the houre of Death,
the day of Judgement, the paines
of Hell, and the ioyes of Heauen.

Of the houre of Death.

1.

O Wretched man, which louest earthlie thinges,
And to this worlde hast made thyselfe a thrall,
Whose shorte delightes eternall sorrow brings,
Whose sweete in shewe in trewth is bitter gall :
Whose pleasures fade eare scarfe they be possest,
And greve him least that most doe them detest.

2.

Thou arte not fuer one moment for to lyue,
And att thy death thou leauest all behinde,
Thy landes and goodes noe suckor then can geue,
Thie pleasures past are crosses to thie minde :
Thie friend the world can yeld thee noe releefe,
Thy greatest ioye will proue thie greatest greefe.
The





Of the houre

3.

The tyme will come when Death will thee assalte :
Conceyue yt then as present for to bee,
That thou in tyme maiest seeke to mend thie falte,
And in thie life thine errors plainlye see :

Imagen now thie corse is allmost spent,
And marke thie frinds how deepe lie they lament.

4.

Thy wyfe dothe howle, and pearce the verie skies,
Thie childdrens teares their sorrowes doth bewraye,
Thie kinesfolke morne and wepe with woefull cryes,
Now thou must dye, and canst noe longer staye :

Loe here the ioyes and treasures of thie hart :
Thie race is ronne : from them thou must depart.

5.

With paine thou dost lye, gaspinge all for breath,
Past hope of life or hope of anie good, v. 3
Thy present state a lyuelye forme of death,
Thie hart become all cold for want of blood :

Thie nosethrills ronne, and gaspinge thou dost lye,
Thie lothsome sight thie frinds beginne to flie.

Thy





of Death.

6.

Thy voyce doth yeld a horce and hollowe founde,
Thie dyinge head doth greadie feeme to sleape,
Thie fences all with horrour doth abound,
Thie feete doth die, and death doth vpward creepe:
Thie eyes doth stand; fast sett into thine head,
Thie jawes doth fall, and shewe thee allmost dead.

7.

What dofste thou thinkē, now all thiſ fences faile?
What dofste thou faye by pleasure here is wonne?
How doſt thou now thiſ passed life bewayle?
How doſt thou wiſhe thiſ course were new to ronne?
What woldſt thou doe thiſ endinge life to faue?
What woldſt thou geue for that thou canſt not
[haue?

8.

Thy bodie now muſt frome the ſoule departe,
Thie lands and goods another muſt poſſeſſe,
Thie ioyes are paſt on which thou ſetſt thine harte,
Thie paines to come noe creature can exprefſe:
Loe here the fruite and gaine of all thiſ finne,
Thie Life muſt end, and Death muſt now beginne.
Thy





Of the houre

9.

Thy former faultes are sett before thine eyes,
And monstrous shewes which seemd before so small,
To swallowe thee, Despaire in secrrett lyes,
And all thi finnes with terror thee appall : [mone,
With scalldinge fighes they make thee now to
And in thi soule with sorrowe thou dost grone.

10.

Thou wayleſt now the pleafinge of thi will,
Thie euill gott goods doth make thee ſo lament,
Thievaine delightes with anguife thee doth fill,
Thie wantone tricks thiē conscience doth torment :
Thie sweetest finnes doth bringe thee bitter ſmarke,
Thie heynous faultes opprefſe thiē dyinge harte.

11.

With dreadfull feare they ſhake thiē dolefull mynd,
And bent to fight, with force they thee incloſe,
In worldlye helpe noe reſcue thou canſt finde :
And ſtandinge now amidſt thiē mortall foes,
A thouſand deathes wold ſeeme a leſſer paine
Then thiē eſtate in which thou doſt remaine.

Noe





of Death.

12.

Noe tonge, no penn, nor creature can bewraye,
Howe all thi finnes their fested rancor shewe,
Howe dreadfull fightes with sorrowe thee dismaye,
Howe blustringe stormes of greefe beginne to blowe :
Thie ioyes are gone, which were thi God before,
Thie life is done and shall returne noe more.

13.

What booteth it thi lewdnes to repent,
And leaue to sinne when finne forsaketh thee ?
What canst thou doe when all thi force is spent ?
Will then our Lord with this appeased bee ?
Thie life thou ledst in seruice of his foe,
And faruest him when life thou must forgoe.

14.

Now heauen to win noe paines thou wouldst refuse,
Nor spare thi goods to ease thi woefull state,
Of all thi finnes thou doft thi selfe accuse,
And call for grace when callinge comes to late :
For finne thou diddest while life and power did last,
And leauest now, when force to sinne is past.

c

Then





Of the houre

15.

Then had I wist, with forrowe thou doft faie,
But after witts repentance euer breed,
The daye is come, thie debt thou now must paie,
And yeld to death, when life thou moft haft neede :
Thie breath is stopt in twincling of an eye,
Thie bodie dead in vglie forme doth lye.

16.

Thye carcasse now like carrion menn doth shonne,
Thie frends doe haſt thi buryall to procuer,
Thie faruaunts ſeeke from thee awaye to ronne,
Thie lothſome ſtench noe creature can induer:

And they which tooke in thee their most delight,
Doe hate thee most, and most abhorre thie sight.

17.

Thye flesh shall serue for maggotts for a praye,
For pamperinge which both sea and land was sought,
Thie bodie must tranceformed be to claye,
For whose delight suche costlie clothes were bought :

Thie pryme in dust, thie glorie in the graue,
Thie flesh in earth their endinge now shall haue.

Behold





of Death.

18.

Behold ! the place in which thou doft abyde
Is lothsome, darke, vnsweete, and verie straite :
With rotten bones befett on euerye fyde,
And crawlinge wormes to feede on thee doth waite :
 Oh harde exchange ! O vile and hatefull place !
 Where earth and filth thi carcase must imbrace.

19.

O wretched state ! O most vnhappy man !
Yet were yt well yf nothing were behinde,
Yf all myght end as here yt first begann,
Some comfort were suche endinges for to finde :
For then as God of nothinge thee did frame,
By course againe thou shouldest become the same.

20.

But lyue thou must a thoufand deathes to die,
And dyinge still, yet neuer whollie dead,
Thou must appere before the Judge on hie,
And haue reward as thou this life haft ledd :
Thie tyme is come, thou canst no longer stay,
The judge is sett, and botelesse is delaye.
Behoulde

Behoulde





Of the day

21.

Behoulde his power. Loe whom thou didst offend
For vaine delights, which were but mere deceipt,
Behould on him how Anngells doth attend,
And all that court doe for his comminge waight :
Behould his throne of glorie in the skies,
And see how wrath doth sparkell from his eies.

22.

Loe this is hee whoe euerie thing did make, [daye,
Whom Heauen and Earth doe prayse both night and
Loe here the looke att which the Anngells quake,
Loe here the Lord whom all thinges doth obaye :
His will is lawe, and maye not be withstand,
His wrath consumes and killeth out of hand.

23.

O filthie soule, how maye this wrath be borne ?
Or can a worme his furie now abyde ?
The Anngells laugh thy filthines to skorne :
They hate thie finne, and thee for swellinge pryde :
They shine with beames fare brightter then the
And call on God that Justice may be done. [Sonne,
Each





of Judgement.

24.

Each creature cryes that punisht thou mayst bee,
Whom in thiye lyfe thou lewdlye didst abuse :
Both Heauen and earth are fooes protest to thee,
And all thi thoughtes of sinne doth thee accuse :
Thie wordes and deedes against thee now are
brought,
And all thi filth which sinne in thee hath wrought.

25.

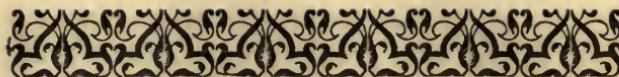
Thou syted arte a just account to shewe,
How farre thou sought thiye selfe for to deny,
How all thi landes and welth thou didst bestowe,
And with thi goodes thi brothers wante suplye :
What care thou hadst thi makers name to prayse,
What paine thou tokst to walk in all his wayes.

26.

The Judge dothe aske how all thi life was spent,
Yf from offence thi fences thou didst keepe,
Yf in thi soule thou truelye didst repent,
And for thi sinne with hartie sorrowe weepe :
Yf thou his feare didst sett before thine eyes,
And for his loue all worldlie ioyes despise.

Yf





Of the day

27.

Yf eke thi foes reuenge thou haste not wrought,
Yf to thi frindes thou neuer wert vnkinde,
Yf earthlie pompe thou euer sett att nought,
Yf secrett hate thou haste not kept in mynde :
Yf thou alike didst ioye and forrowe take,
And with thi harte all carnall lust forsake.

28.

Thye thoughtes and wordes the Judge dothe open
And asketh now a strayte account of all, [laye,
How thou didst here his motions obaye,
And for his grace with erenest fervor call :
Yf all thi lyfe on earth thou ledst vpright,
And in his loue didst sett thi whole delight.

29.

What canst thou plead thi lewdnes to excuse,
When truth shall proue in all thou didst offend ?
The Judge is just, thou mayst not him refuse,
Thie caufe is naught, thou canst not it defend :
To hope for helpe, alas ! it is in vaine,
The tyme is paste, noe helpe thou canst obtaine.
Our





of Judgement.

30.

Our Lord doth saye, “ how couldſt thou uſe me ſoe,
Sith I to thee both ſoule and bodie gaue?

How durſt thou ſeeke and ſerue my mortall fooe,
Sithe I did dye thie ſelfe from death to ſaue?

I gaue thee all, and me thou didſt deteſt,

He gaue thee naught, yet wholie thee poſeſt.

31.

“ Thye lands and life did from my goodnes flowe,
Thy fleſhe and bones I did of nothinge frame,
Both wellth and witt I did on thee beſtowe,
And gaue thee all to prayſe my holie name:

Yett with them all againſt mee thou didſt fight,
And fledd to them whoe bredd mee greateſt ſpight.

32.

“ When I did ſpeake thou ſeemedſt deafe and dombe,
When he did call thou madſt him aunſwere ſtrayte,
He neuer stayd but thou didſt quickly come,
And I without inforſed was to wayte:

O thankeleſſe wretche thou mee ſhalt ſee noe more,
But dwell with him whoe had thie harte before.

Thou





Of the day

33.

“Thou shalt with him for euer more remayne,
To whome thie selfe for pleasure thou haste soulde,
His will thou wrought, and myne thou didst dis-
His right thou arte, I can not thee withoulde: [daine,
Thie owne deserts haue made thee his to bee,
The choysse was thine, noe wronge is donne to
[thee.”

34.

Then comes the Devill, and to our Lord doth saye,
“O righteous Judge, this wretche I ought to haue,
For in his lyfe he would not thee obaye,
But with his harte to mee him selfe he gaue:
My precepts eke he practist daye and night,
And mee to please he made his whole delight.

35.

“Him selfe he vowed to serue me all his dayes,
His eyes were fixt vpon my counsell still,
His feete were bent to walke in all my wayes,
His harte was sett for to performe my will:
His life and landes I drue him on to spend,
In doeinge that which might thee most offend.

Hee





of Judgement.

36.

“ Hee scornd thie power and quyte refusde thie grace,
Thie bitter paynes hee bannisht from his eyes,
Thie precious bloud hee never would imbrace,
Thie gracious woundes he lewdlie did despise :
Thie threats for sinne he reckoned as a iest,
Thie wordes and will in all he did detest.

37.

“ Thie glorious death hee seemed to disdaine,
And followed that in which hee did delight,
For servinge thee he toke not anie paine,
But all thie love with hate he did requite :
What reason then thie glorie he should see,
Of which he seemde so carelesse for to bee.

38.

“ Thou didst him make, and on him all bestowe,
I nothinge gaue nor him to beinge brought,
Yet thee he left, to whom he loue did owe,
And mee hee farvd, whoe never gave him ought :
What woldst thou more thou viest not to wronge,
And hee to mee in Justice doth belonge.

D

Behoulde





Of the day

39.

Behoulde, O soule! how God doth thee refuse,
And how his foe doth clayme thee as his owne,
Thie conscience doth with horror thee accuse,
And reape thou must as thou before hast sowne :
The Lord of Lords doth thee condemne to lye
In endlesse flames where livinge thou shalt dye.

40.

O wretched soule ! what shall become of thee ?
What greater paine can any harte devise ?
Yett worse their is, if worse their yett maye bee,
Thie bodie must to Judgment shortlie rise :
And bothe alike in Hell must suffer smarte,
As both in earth in finne had equall parte.

41.

All sinners faine would shonne this dreadfull daye,
And wishe yt were without their perill past,
The feare alone must needs their hartes dismaye,
The signes appeare and on yt cometh fast :
Behold the Sonn is darke which shined bright,
The stares doe fall, the moone hathe lost her light.
Behould





of Judgement.

42.

Behould how men are witherede quite with woe,
And cannot find a harboure now of rest :
Behould on earth how fenclesse they doe goe,
Theire faces palle, theire harts with feare opprest :
Behould each where how beasts for terrour cry,
And marke how men alredy seeme to dye.

43.

Behoulde how blodd the trees and braunches sweate,
And howe each thinge in trembblinge wife doth
Behoulde the Sea against the Land doth beate, [quake,
And roringe lowde doth force the Earth to shake :
Her surges mounte, her swellinge furie showes,
And on the Land her fishe with rage shewes.

44.

The clowdes like smoake doe thicken in the skyes,
The mountaines move, the Earth doth open wide,
The blustringe windes with stormes and tempests
The stowttest hartes their faces seeke to hide: [rise
Both ritch and poore from citties now are feldd,
And all in caves doe ronne to shrowde their head.
Eche





Of the day

45.

Eche lyvinge thinge for helpe doth crye and call,
And savage beastes vnto the Cittie flie,
The earth doth quake, the strongest towers fall,
And beastes remaine were menn did vse to lie :

The course begins of nature heire to faile,
The Heauens doth mourne and all things els
[doth wayle.

46.

The Anngells lowd their Trumpets dreadfull sound,
And summones all that ever lyfe posest,
The Earth with woe and terror doth abound,
The dead aryse that longe had bene at rest :

Bothe quicke and dead assembled round doe stand,
And wayte his will whose comminge is at hand.

47.

Behouldē how lowe both Heaven and earth doe bowe,
And prostrate all his favor to defyre,
Behould howe Christ in glorie cometh now,
And in the ayre appeares a flame of fyre :

The Earth for feare doe tremble att this sight,
The sea is dried, the hills are molten quight.

The





of Judgement.

48.

The hardest rockes are turned into dust,
His furious wrath noe creature can abyde,
Their paines were sweete which now are proved just,
And neede not seeke in corners them to hyde :

Our Lord rewardes as merytt hee doth finde,
Thrise happie they that beare a giltles minde.

49.

O cursed soule ! how art thou drownd in care,
When all this sight is sett before thine eyes :
Thy passinge feare noe wrytinge can declare,
Thie bodie darke like Deathe doe feme to ryse :
Thie hope is past for easinge of thie smarte,
Thie finnes are prickes to wound thie dyinge
[harte.

50.

Behould how thou noe favor here canst gett,
Nor from thie foes by anie meanes escape :
Thie right hand is with all thie finnes besett,
Beneath thee Hell to swallowe thee doe gape :
The fearefull fends vpon thie left hand frowne,
And lye in wayte, to throwe thee hedlonge downe.
Above





Of the day

51.

Above thee sytts the Judge all fild with rage,
Whom in thi life thou lewdlie didst offend,
Noe helpe thou hast his furie to asswage,
His browes hee doth with anger fercelie bend :
And all the sinnes of menn hee doth repeate,
Which forceth now his furie to be greate.

52.

Within thee gnawes thi conscience voyde of grace,
And all the evill to which thou didst consent,
Without thee stands thi frinds which wayle thi cace,
And doe thi state with bitter grefe lament ;
On euerie syde the world doth thee affright,
Whose terror showes, with flames that burneth
[bright.

53.

If forward now thou tookest on thi waye,
Thou hedlonge doft vnto thi ruine run,
The devills doe watche thi goinge backe to staye,
Noe meanes is left misfortune for to shun :
What wilt thou doe, invirond thus with woe ?
For neyther back nor forward thou canst goe.

O





of Judgement.

54.

O wretched man ! how heauie is thie harte,
How dost thou wish for that which can not bee,
How dost thou sigh and quake in euerie parte,
And must thie frinds be feverd thus from thee :

They fild with ioye in glorie now shall raigne,
And full of greife thou torment must sustaine.

55.

The Judges wordes are like a burninge fyer,
Which wasteth all it commeth to imbrace,
It booteth not his mercie to requyer,
The time is past of callinge now for grace :
Behould the Judge doth thee condemne to hell,
Wher thou in paine for sinne shalt ever dwell.

56.

O dolefull wordes ! O most vnhappie wight !
Thie head to shrowd for mountaines thou dost call,
Thie future paines are present in thie fight,
And cursest now the cawses of thie fall :
Thie birth and life to late thou dost repent,
Yet wayleſt both and dost in vaine lament.

What





Of the paines

57.

What tonge, what penn, what creature can expresse
Those deadlie greifes which allwayes thou dost tast?
The longer tyme the comfort is the lesse,
Thie hope decayes, thie sorrowes never waft.

O bitter sweete that earthlie pleasures breede!
Thie livinge death all torments doth excede.

58.

Thye wanton eies those hellish monsters see,
Whose blodie mindes thie ruine did conspire,
Whose neesinge feme like lightning for to bee, [fire:
Whose monstrous mouthes doe cast out flames of
Whose nosethrills smoake, whose eies are glowing
redd,
Whose whole delight by others smarte is bredd.

59.

Thye wretched eares, which harkened vnto lyes,
Doe here howe fends doe rage with all despight,
Noe noyse is their but shreekes and hideous cryes,
Which able are the stoutest hart to fright: [wayle,
Wher some blasphemē, and some their states be-
Where others curse and never cease to rayle.

Thye





of Hell.

60.

Thye daintie nose, which had perfumes ech daye,
A lothsome stenche for ever must abyde,
Which riseth vpp from dampned bodies aye,
That heaped their doe lye on euerie fyde :
Loe here the sweete thie smellinge to content,
Noe worldlie filth can yeld so fowle a sent.

61.

Thye curyous tast doth hunger their sustaine,
Which did in meates such rare devises crave,
With burninge thirst thou suffrest grevous paine,
And yt to coole noe water thou canst haue :
Noe dropp is their, thie thirstinge for to ease,
Noe hope of helpe that maye thie grefe appease.

62.

Thye feelinge yett the greatest paine doth beare :
With fierie flames which all thie partes torment,
An extreame cowld thou allso findest their,
With gnashing teeth that makes thee to lament :
Thie teares with heat in streames are daylie shedd,
Thie teeth for cowld doe chatter in thie hedd.

E

If





Of the paines

63.

If for a while noe creature can endure
In earthly fiere one member for to bee,
What torments doe thy passed Joyes procure,
In endlesse flames thy members all to see ! [breed,
What greefe, what paine, what sorrowes doe they
Which earthly flames in all doe farre exceede !

64.

The deiuills with flouts doe lough the now to scorne,
Thy flesh and bones in sunder they doe teare,
Thy cursed skinne with cruell whipes is worne,
Thy woefull harte is filled full with feare :
With inwardre woe thy soule is sore oppreste,
With outward paine thy body finds no reste.

65.

Thy torments strange doe breed thee bitter greefe,
And reste in thine Imagination stille,
Thyne owne conceipte which now should yeld releefe,
Doth labour more with sorrow thee to fill : [chew,
Thou thinkest most what most thou whouldst es-
Thy grieve thy thoughts, and thoughts thy grieve
renew. Thy





of Hell.

66.

Thy memory doth call vnto thy mynde
The shorte delight of all thy pleasures past,
Yt wounds thy harte these paines for them to finde,
Which greueous are and shall for euer last :

Thy desperate case no comfort can obtaine,
Thy passed Joyes encrease thy presēt paine.

67.

Thine vnderstandinge doth thy misery shew,
And telleth thee thou arte in Sathanas Jawes,
For shorte delights, thy losse yt makes thee know,
And in thy soule the worme of Conscience gnawes :

Those fadinge Joyes in rage thou dost defye,
And in despight they make thee thus to crye.

68.

“ My former Joy a shadow was in deede,
It did not last, but passed quicke away,
My present paine all measure doth excede,
Noe witt nor arte my torments can bewray :
A time there was when blisse I might haue woone,
But time is past, and all my course is runne.

O





Of the paines

69.

“ O cursed time, in which I time forsooke,
A little paine had ridd me of my woe !
O cursed Joyes in which I pleasure tooke,
For pleasinge you all pleasures I forgoe !
And here in hell each kinde of paine I finde,
Which wasts my flesh and wounds my woefull
mynde.

70.

“ Yf I my sinnes with forrowe had confest,
They had to me bene clene remitted all :
In stead of greefe, I glorie had possest,
If I for grace had bent my minde to call :
O wretched wretch, that for so small a paine,
Refusinge blisse, in torment must remaine.

71.

“ The greatest ioyes which doe in earth abound
Can in a world not yeld so much delight
As here by paine is in a moment found,
Whose blasinge woe is present still in sight :
What fancie then bewitched my wretched harte,
For fained Joyes to suffer endlesse smarte.

My





of Hell.

72.

" My parents were the caufers of my woe,
And all the meate on which I euer fedd,
My carnall frind hath proued my greatest foe,
And vnto mee this mischefe now hath bredd :
Accuse mee all that hath my ruine wrought,
And euerie meane which mee to beinge brought.

73.

" Thrise happie they on earthe that never were !
Their state is blest that never came to liue !
O blessed wombes that chilldren never bare !
O happy breif which fuck did never geve !
O deadlie paine ! O most unhappy place !
O cursed wretch whome ill mishapps imbrace !"

74

Loe here the plaints in this infernall lake,
Wher Scorpions stinge and squorges thee torment,
Wher hammers beate, and Devils a roringe make,
Wher hope is past and dampned soules lament:
Wher wormes doe crawle and uglye serpents creepe,
Wher paines abound, and sorrowes make thee
weepe. Against





Of the paines

75.

Against our Lord thou raiest with despight,
And him thou dost with raginge words defie,
Thou barred art from seeinge anie light,
And while ye liue thou must for ever die :
Loe here the fruite which worldlie pleasures bringe,
Thie paines agree in measure with thie sinne.

76.

Thye sweet delights are come to woe and wrack,
Thie happie state unto a wretched case,
Thie gredie minde is punniſht here with lack,
Thie lecherous armes doe uglie fends imbrace :
Thie envious sowle doth howle for deadlie paine,
Thie haughtie harte doth suffer depe disdaine.

77.

Thou findest smart in stead of pleasaunt games,
Thie daintie wynes are turnd to bitter gall,
Thie costlie clothes are now made burning flames,
Thie loftie pride hath now a lothſome fall :

Thou nothinge doſt which maye afford thee eaſe,
But feeleſt all which maye thee moſt diſplease.

Yet





of Hell.

78.

Yet cheiflie one which farre doth all exceade,
And as it is none rightlie can esteme,
It greves thee most and makes thi harte to bleed,
And joynd with it the other nothinge seeme :
Then judge what paine this torture brings to thee,
When matche to it all nothinge femes to bee.

79.

Thye scences feele for everie finne a paine,
So rated their as here thou tokst delight,
And now for that our Lord doth thee disdaine,
Thou bannisht art for ever from his fight :
The paine of scence small torment thou dost finde,
When thou this losse dost call unto thi minde.

80.

A grevious losse which cannot be exprest !
O cause of greife and springe of deadlie woe,
The Soule hath lost the center of her rest,
Thie hope, thie helpe, thie life thou must forgoe :
Noe paine or losse with this maye be comparde,
It paffeth all and cannot be declared.

From





Of the paines

81.

From hope of joye this is an endlesse barr,
And greatest plague that God on sinn bestowes :
Compard with this thy tortures pleasaunt are,
And all thi losse an easie burthen showes :
Thie bittrest paines are trifles in thine eyes,
Thie burninge flames thou seemest to despise.

82.

What woe, what smarte, what paine can be exprest,
Which wayteth now on thee for to be layde !
With swordes of greefe thi harte is daylye prest,
With dreadfull feare thi scences are dismayde :
Thie eie hath lost what most she did desire,
Thie bodie burns in flames of endlesse fire.

83.

And yf thi paines an endinge might obtaine,
When yeres their were of manie thousandes runn,
As on the earthe have lightten dropps of rayne,
Since first of all this wretched world begunn : [minde,
Some helpe this hope might bringe unto thiie
When hope were left an end at last to finde.

But





of Hell.

84.

But of them all noe ease nor end thou hast,
Within thie soule some comforde might procure :
Noe tyme will helpe thie sorrowes for to waste,
While God is God thie torture shall indure :
Thie paine in truth is more then can be tould,
The fift in thought noe creature can unfould.

85.

O dyinge lyfe ! O sea of endlesse smarte !
Which nature hates and all thinges ellse detest,
O lyvinge death, noe life or death thou arte,
For death hath end and life hathe sometyme rest :
The worst of both our Lord hath put in thee
That neyther rest nor end might other bee.

86.

O dampned soule ! howe dost thou roare and crye !
What deadlie greefes thee daylie doe oppresse !
But lyft a whyle thie cursed eies on hye,
And see what ioyes the blessed their possesse :
That by the fift, thie torments maye increase,
And for thie losse thie sorrowes neuer cease.

F

And



Of the ioyes

87.

And first behould the beawtie of the place,
Wher all the Saintes with Christ in glorie raigne,
Wher honor is not mixed with disgrace,
Wher ioye is free from task of anie paine :
Wher great rewards attend on good desarts,
And all delightes posesseth faithfull harts.

88.

O wicked wretche ! This cittie now behould,
Which doth surppasse the reache of anie thought,
The gates are pearle, the streetes are fynest gould,
With precious stones the walles are wholie wrought :
Of Sunn and Moone it needeth not the light,
For ever their the Lambe is shining bright.

89.

And from His seate a christall river flowes,
Wher life doth runn, and pleasures ever springes :
On everye syde a tree of conforte growes,
Which savinge helthe to everie nation brings :
It worketh rest, and stinteth worldlie stryfe,
It fieth death, and bringeth endlesse life.

This



of Heauen.

90.

This goodlie place all beawtie doth surmount,
And all this world in largenesse passeth farr :
The earth it selfe in bignes in account
Not equall is unto the smalleſt starr :

O worthie place whose glorie doth excell !
Thrife happie they that their attaines to dwell !

91.

Noe Sainte their is but brighter feemes to bee
Then Sunn or moone whose beawties wonders breedē :
What glorie then so manie Saintes to fee,
Which all the starrs in number farr excede !

All glorious their wher glorie doth abound,
O blessed state wher blisse is ever found !

92.

Archangells are but undersarvaunts there,
And Anngells doe their makers will obaye,
The powers in ioye with triumphh doe appere,
The beawties shine, the thrones their beames displaye :

The Cherubins doe yeld a famous light,
The Seraphins with love are burninge shininge
bright. Here





Of the ioyes

93.

Here Patriarkes haue their ioye for all their paine,
The Prophets eke with endlesse glorie blest,
The Martirs doe a worthie crowne obtaine,
The Virgins finde a hauen of happie rest :
To all their ioyes in glorie they are mett,
And now posesse what longe they sought to gett.

94.

Those sacred Saintes remaine in perfect peace,
Which Christ confest and walked in his wayes,
They swim in blisse which now shall never ceace,
And singinge all, his name for ever prayse :
Before his throne in white they daylie stand,
And carrie palmes of triumph in their handes.

95.

The Angells then are next in their degree,
Whose order is in number to be nyne,
Noe harte can think what ioye it is to see
Howe all those troupes with lampes in glorie shine :
The ioye is more then wrytinge can expresse :
O happie eies that maye these ioyes posesse !

Above





of Heauen.

96.

Above them all the Viregin hath a place,
Which cawſd the world with comfort to abound :
The beames doe ſhine in her unſpotted face,
And with the starres her head is richlye crownd :
In glory ſhee all creatures paſſeth farr :
The moone her ſhoes, the funn her garments are.

97.

O Queene of Heauen ! o pure and glorious fight !
Moſt bleſſed thou above all womenn arte !
This cittie druncke thou makeſt with delight,
And with thi beames reioyſest everie harte :
Our bliſſe was loſt and yt thou diſt reſtore,
The Anngells all and menn doe thee adore.

98.

Loe ! here the looke which Anngells doe admire !
Loe ! here the ſpringe from whom all goodnes flowes !
Loe ! here the fight that menn and Saintes deſire !
Loe ! here the ſtakſ on which our comfort growes !
Loe this is ſhee whom heaven and earth imbrace,
Whom God diſ choose and filled full of grace.
And





Of the ioyes

99.

And next to her, but in a higher throne,
Our Saviour in his manhode fitteth here :
From whom proceedes all perfect ioye alone,
And in whose face all glorie doth appere :
The Saintes delight conceyved cannot bee,
When they a man the Lord of Anngells see.

100.

They ravished are with ioye in seeinge this,
How Christ our Lord the highest place obtaines :
They now behould the feate of endlesse blisse,
And ioye to marke how hee in triumph raynes :
What ioye to menn moreover can befall
Then here to see a man the Lord of all ?

101.

More ioye yt yeldes then anie can devise,
A greater blisse then may in words be tould,
His persinge beames doth dazell all their eies,
His brightnes scharge his Anngells can behould :
The Saintes in him their wished comfort finds,
And now inioye what most content their minds.

To





of Heauen.

102.

To think on this yt passeth humaine witt :
The more we thinke the lessē we come to knowe :
He dothe uppon his Fathers right hand fitt,
And all ye Saintes their humble sarvice shoue :
His fight to them doth endlesse comfort bringe,
And they to him all prayses euer singe.

103.

O worthie place, wher suche a Lord is cheife !
O glorious Lord, which princelye sarvaunts keepes !
O happie Saintes, which never tast of greife !
O blessed state, wher malice ever sleepes !
Noe one is here of base or meane degree,
But all are knowne the sonnes of God to bee.

104.

What higher place can anye prince attaine,
Then sonne to him which ruleth all above ?
Yet is their state not subiect to disdaine,
But in their mindes like brethren they doe love :
Noe place is left for anie hate, or feare,
But here they all one harte and soule doe beare.

O





Of the ioyes

105.

O happie place, wher discord never fights !
The ioyes of all are found in everie brest,
For ech as much in others ioye delights,
As if alone it in him selfe did rest :
In all their ioyes noe difference is their knowne,
For ech accounts them all to be his owne.

106.

And those they tast wherwith their Lord abounds :
As parte of theirs his glorie doe they take,
Unto them selues by union it redownds,
And all his ioyes their glorie perfect make :
So faste are knitt the members to the head,
As over them his ioyes are whollie spredd.

107.

What ioye is best which here they doe not finde ?
What greater blisse, what pleasure maye be more ?
What can by us conceyved be in minde
Which hath not bene recited here before ?
Yet one delight behinde as yet remaines,
Which all in all, and all in it containes.

They





of Heauen.

108.

They face to face doe God Almighty see!
And all in him as in a perfect glasse:
Noe good their is, but their is found to bee,
And all delightes this vision doth surpassee.

Ech sight doth yeld the hart her perfect rest,
Because noe good without him is possest.

109.

Hee present, past, and future thinges doth shewe,
And therfore rests their understandinge here :
Their nothinge is but they in him doe knowe,
And to their eies all plainlye doth appere :

They now obteyne what longe they sought to gett,
And all their thoughtes are on him wholie sett.

110.

Their will doth last in lovinge of his sight,
In which consistts all good that cann be thought,
Shee here hathe fixt her love and whole delight,
And never will from lovinge this be brought :

For here all good and goodnes doth abound,
And never can without this good be found.

G

Their





Of the ioyes

111.

Their whole desire from hence doth never parte,
But setled here for ever doth abyde :
This fight doth fill the mouth of everie harte,
And nothing leaves for them to wishe besyde :
Without desire, content shee still remaines,
And her desire with full delight obtaines.

112.

Their Faith behouldes her best beloved guest,
And her beleefe this fight doth here fullfill :
Their constante Hope her hope hath now posest,
And him inioyes for whom shee hoped still :
Their Charitie, not perfect full before,
To perfect state this vision doth restore.

113.

O glorious fight ! O some of endlesse blisse !
Which never wanes, nor seemeth for to waste :
Whoe ever sawe soe fayer a fight as this,
Whoe ever did suchē heapes of comfort taste ?
What can be thought that can not here be hadd ?
Where all doe ioye, and none are euer sadd.
They





of Heauen.

114.

They here posesse what maye content them most,
And nothinge wante that perfect blisse maye bringe :
With all delight here breathes the Holye Ghost,
Which allwayes makes a freshe and endlesse springe :
Noe daye is here, noe morninge, noone, nor night,
But ever one and allwayes shininge bright.

115.

O blessed ioyes, which all the soules posesse !
O happie fruite, that vertue here hath wonne !
And in degrees the bodies finde noe lesse,
But shine with beames farr brighter then the funn :
Not subiect now to sicknes, greife, or paine,
But glorious all, immortall they remaine.

116.

And proper ioyes ech fence in private fyndes :
Their eyes behould that passinge glorious sight,
Wher nothinge wantes for to content their mindes,
And all thinges elce which maye them most delight :
Theireares are fedd with hearinge of sweete soundes,
And them to please all musick here aboundes.

From





Of the ioyes

117.

From songes of praise the Saintes noe moment spare :
Noe teares are seene nor anie their doe weepe :
But in this place the musick is so rare
As halfe a sound would bringe all hartes a sleepe :
And everie fence a propper pleasure takes,
Which ioynd in one, their glorie perfect makes.

118.

Noe eie hath seene what ioyes the Saintes obtaine,
Nor eare hath hard what comforts are posest :
Noe harte can thinke in what delight they raigne,
Nor penn expresse their happie porte of rest,
Wher pleasure flowes, and greife is never sene,
Wher good abounds, and ill is bannisht cleane.

119.

And of those ioyes noe creature end shall see :
The longer tyme the sweeter they doe showe :
While God indures they can not ended bee,
And never waste, but allwayse seeme to growe :
When worldes are worne, and millions manie paste,
They now begin and shall for ever last.

O





of Heauen.

120.

O state of ioye, wher endlesse ioye remaines !
O haven of blisse, wher none doth suffer wrack !
O happie howse, which all delight containes !
O blessed state, which never feeleth lack !
O goodlie tree, which fruite dothe ever beare !
O quyett state, which dannger neede not feare !

121.

O mixture pure, which basest drossle refynes !
O pleasaunte place, which onlie comforte brings !
O ioyefull funn, wher glorie ever shines !
O fruitfull soyle, wher pleasure ever springes !
O glorious soules ! O bodies wholie blest !
O sea of good, and of all good the best !

122.

O dampned wretch ! the thought of this alone
Oppreseth thee with heapes of deadlie care,
And fighinge now in speritt thou doft grone,
When with their blisse thie woe thou doft compare :

Thie greevous losse dothe greive thie wretched
harte,

And yt with greefe redoubles all thie smarte.

If





Of the ioyes

123.

If all the world by conquest thou hadst wonne,
A trifle now thou thinkest all to geve,
That on the earth thie race were new to runn,
And thou againe wert suffered here to lyve :

Another course thou wouldest resolve to take,
And sarvinge God thie carnall will forfiske.

124.

The straightest life thou woldst noe paine esteme,
Thie prayinge wold a passinge ioye appere,
Thie fastinge ofte noe troble then would feme,
Nor anie greife the hardest penaunce here :

A ioye thou woldst account the sharpest paine,
To scape from Hell and endlesse blisse obtaine.

125.

Now must I call, O worldlie man ! to thee,
The end wher first I did begin to wrighte,
That all these ioyes and paines which thou dost see
May move thie minde to leade thie lyfe upright :
Thie harte will melt to thinke uppon thie case,
If their be left but halfe a sparke of grase.

Thou

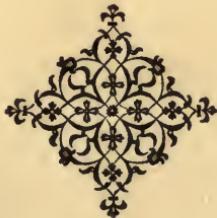




of Heauen.

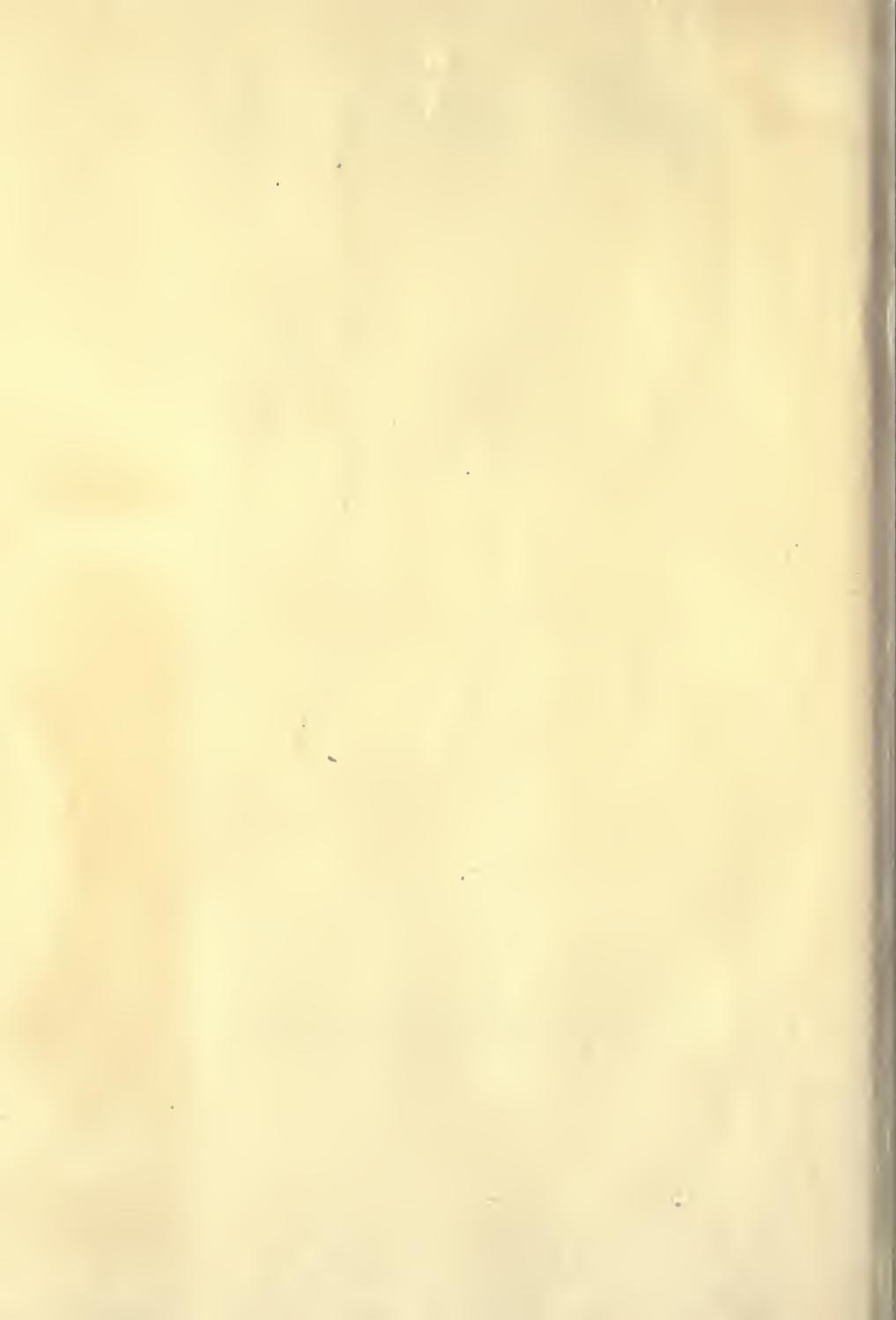
126.

Thou findest here what thou wilt wishe att last,
And that account which none can ever shunn:
Then frame thie life before thie tyme be past,
As thou wilt wishe that thou in tyme hadst donne:
Lest thou in vaine dost waile thie wretched state,
When tyme is past and waylinge comes too late.



100

and the author of a book on the subject, and I think would be a good book for the general public to read. The author is a very good man and the book is well worth reading. I have seen it myself and I can assure you that it is a good book and I would recommend it to any one who is interested in the subject.



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